THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 31. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Houghton, was conducted over the Albert Hall at South Kensington by Lieut.-Colonel Scott on Thursday. The party came to see the works in their present state, before the scaffolding is removed from the iron roof, which has been constructed by the Fairbairn Iron Company for Messrs. Lucas Brothers. His Royal Highness also inspected the terra-cotta and the warming and ventilation arrangements.

In the House, on Thursday night, Mr. Grant-Duff stated, in reply to Mr. Bagwell, that a memorial had been presented by his Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, to the Secretary of State for India, and that such memorial had been forwarded to the Indian Government. With respect to the despatch of the 17th June, 1864, from the Secretary of State to the Governor-General of India, there would be no objection to produce it if the hon. member moved for it.

M. Ulric de Fonvielle finished on Tuesday the ten days' imprisonment to which he had been sentenced by the High Court of Justice, and left the Penitentiary at ten in the morning, starting shortly after for Paris. He has since gone to the department of the Rhone, where he stands as candidate.

The annual consumption of eggs in photography is nearly a million in the United States alone. While the number used on this side the Atlantic is probably at least three or four times as great. Hence it may be estimated that not less than five millions of inchoate fowls are sacrificed every year in the production of photographic portraits!

We take the following lines from the *Hallische Zeitung*, where they are entitled, "A *Loyolian Miracle*:"

"Infallibilem hamemus
Nunc a fallibilibus,
Sic perfectum nos debemus
Imperfectibilibus,
Miraculum infandum!
Quod erat demonstrandum."

Yesterday, at the Liverpool police court, an information was laid against Mr. Fishwick, ironmonger, for purchasing a quantity of lead of less weight than 112lbs., contrary to the provisions of the Habitual Criminals Act, 1869. The defendant contended that, as he was not a marine store dealer, but a manufacturer of metals, the Act did not apply to him. On the other side, it was pointed out that a large market would be open for pilferers if these small quantities were allowed to be purchased. The defendant was fined 10s. and costs.

The University boat-race rowed on Wednesday was won, for the first time for ten years, by Cambridge.

The four-handed Inter-University billiard match was won by Cambridge; the single match by Oxford.

On Saturday a black-faced Scotch ewe, from the stock of Mr. Henry Knowles, farmer, Foxup, near Settle (and now the property of Mr. John Armistead, farmer, Long Preston), gave birth to six full-grown lambs. If she had a particle of modesty, her face should have turned scarlet after such a feat.

On Tuesday evening next, April 12, amateur performances by eminent members of the "Windsor Strollers," "The Old Stagers," and "Amateur Dramatic" Clubs, will be given at the Gaiety Theatre, in aid of the building fund of the London Orphan Asylum. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and Prince Teck are the patrons of the evening.

A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* states that the precentor of a Free Church has been suspended from his office for three months for dancing a reel at his son's wedding.

The report circulated by an evening contemporary in which the name of an illustrious personage was introduced, and which has since been contradicted and apologised for, is characterised by the *Times* as a "baseless rumour." We take the liberty of suggesting the omission of the "less"

"What's your papa's name?" asked one little girl of another. "Mine is called Charles; my sister's papa is William; and my little brother's Frank."

An Ohio murderer, who escaped conviction on the plea of insanity, now refuses to pay his lawyers for the same reason.

The largest break at billiards on record was made at Swansea, last Monday, by Cook the Champion, who scored 531 "on end."

Virginia city is to have a waltzing match for a purse of 1,000 dols., and the championship of Novada.

Mr. H. J. Montague, of the Prince of Wales's, takes his benefit to-night at the Princess's. He will not fail to be supported by "both your houses."

Mademoiselle F—— était poursuivie depuis quelque temps par les déclarations d'un auteur dramatique, qui a en jadis des succès et des cheveux.

Il lui écrivit hier une longue lettre se terminant par cette phrase!!! "Si vous me refusez, mademoiselle, je suis capable de devenir fou; *mon amour est comme un torrent, il déborde.*" Je regrette de ne pouvoir lui offrir un LIT, se contenta de lui répondre la spirituelle actrice.

Three costermongers in council:—
Says No. 1: "Mate, if you were king, what would you eat with your bread? *I* should have bacon."
Replies No. 2, promptly: "Dripping for me. What do you choose, Jack?"
No. 3: "How can I choose anythink? You coves have took all there is worth having."

Un dialogue de campagne:
"Vous connaissez Pascal Migoubert?"
"Oui? il est taupier de la marquise."
"Ce grossier paysan? Et le mari souffre cela!"

In the notice of a review the following suggestion is made by a contemporary:—"The volume contains six articles, and would have been improved, we think, if half a dozen of them had been struck out."

A St. Louis paper, speaking of a New York family that made a fortune out of whisky, says, "They live on twenty-third-street, in a perfect *delirium tremens* of splendour."

Mr. O'——, inveighing last week against the evil of anonymous correspondence, is reported to have said, "I despoise them to that extint, Surr, that when anonymous communikashuns come to me, I niver even break the seal."

The New Central Jewish Synagogue, an edifice of great architectural merit, just erected, at a cost of 35,000*l*, in the Portland Street Road, was solemnly dedicated on Thursday last.

In the press:—"Confessions of an Ardent Spirit."—By a Member of the Bar.

When a certain wicked old bachelor was about to die, he was surrounded by his affectionate relatives, among whom was an old maid, who declared that she did not care for his money; her only desire was to be always with him. He did not forget her wish, and when his will was read, was found this clause: "To gratify the dearest desire of my cousin Gertrude, I leave to her, in perpetuity—a place in my tomb."

A Dutchman in the "States" was recently heard to describe the physical and moral defects of his "bony" in a fashion which would not discredit the orthographical talents of "Herr Breitmann" himself:—"You see in the vust place he is plint mit bote legs, and fery lame with von eye. Den ven you gets on him to rite he rares up behint and kichs up before so vurser as a chaekmule. I dinks I dake him a little rite yesterday, unt no sooner I straddle his pack on a poatstream, and ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mid efery dinks, I finds myself sittin around packwards, mit his dail in my hands vor the bridle. But I vixes him petter as sham up. I hitch in te cart mid his head where his dail ought to be, den I gif him about a dozen cuts mit a hidecow, he starts to go, but soon he sees the cart before him, he makes packwarts. Den I takes him out, hitch him the rite vay, unt he goes rite off."

Un jeune financier, qui a eu quelquefois de petits démêlés avec la justice et ses agents, se laissait l'autre jour traîner à la mairie de l'Opéra par une dame d'un certain âge, qui a eu autrefois des désagréments pour avoir donné à jouer chez elle.

On entre dans la salle des mariages—
Le maire ceint son écharpe tricolore—
Les deux futurs s'écrient:
"Oh! le commissaire!
Et toute la noce se sauve comme si le diable l'emportait.

In the Gulf of Gascony:—
PILOT.—"Don't be alarmed, captain, I know every rock on the coast." (A horrible shock is felt.) "I told you so: there's *one*."

"Where *have* you been?" enquired a *Parisienne* of her husband, just returned, hot, and out of breath from an unusually early excursion.
"Why, *mon amie*, the fact is, I have been acting as *témoin*."
"Heavens, in a duel?"
"Well, yes: but a duel which was solemnized in Church."

The fatal boat accident, which has recently resulted in the death by drowning of a soldier of the Scots Fusilier Guards, seems to suggest the advantage of teaching swimming in the army. In the first place, it may be said that it is the duty of the State to give to its servants every reasonable means of self-protection; in the second, that soldiers suffer from idleness and *ennui*, which would be in some degree lessened by the institution, where practicable, of swimming drill. Thirdly, that a soldier is a very costly article, and his profession exposes him to many perils by water; therefore, it is to the interest of the country that he should not be liable to such a death as that of Drummer Sherratt.

At the Court of Common Council, it was stated that a handsome stained glass window was about to be placed in Guildhall, to commemorate the three great improvements recently effected by the Corporation—viz., the Holborn Valley Viaduct, the new Bridge at Blackfriars, and the new Meat Market.

The War Office has issued the usual official notification to the different Volunteer corps of the respective stations of the London and Brighton Railway from which they are to travel to the field of operations on Easter Monday. From this document we learn that the number of metropolitan Volunteers present will be 18,860; and of country corps 7,421; total, 26,281 Volunteers.

A Government inspector has visited Bury St. Edmund's Gaol, for the purpose of examining the neck of the convict Rutterford, the gaol surgeon having reported that he had a malformation, which might cause an unusual degree of suffering on death being inflicted by strangulation. The inspector came to the conclusion that there is nothing in the neck of the convict to prevent his being hanged in the usual manner, The execution will accordingly proceed as originally arranged.

The study of law has a sad tendency to pervert the intellect and destroy the capability of distinguishing between right and wrong. A lawyer (unless, indeed, his mind be of a high order, and soars above the enslaving technicalities of his profession) can never try a point upon its absolute merits, but must have recourse to some legal precedent. In fact, the tendency of his studies is to annihilate the sense of natural justice and propriety, and substitute an artificial system in their place. If I wanted an arbitrator to decide on a point where nothing but common sense was required, a lawyer is the very last person I would employ. I should prefer the first country bumpkin I met with.—*Macnish.*

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *April 7th.*

SINCE Sunday we have been able to amuse ourselves as usual on the Boulevards. Around and outside Tortoni's, the Café de la Paix, Bignon's, and the other stations on the Boulevart des Italiens, there has been a perfect block, and every one seems anxious to get an outside place at those tables, where so much that is innocuous and yet refreshing, in the shape of coffee and sorbets, is consumed. What an extraordinary contrast there is in the behaviour of a French and English crowd of pleasure-seekers! It makes a paternal government tolerable when to it one owes the absence of the rough, the negro-minstrel, the three-card man, and the other varieties of the lower order of birds of prey, who seem with you the necessary accompaniment of every large assemblage of people, whether the cause of their assembly be an assize or a suburban race-gathering. Speaking of the latter reminds me of the difference between the drive on to a French race-course—say the Longchamps—and a similar promenade in England. It must be, I should imagine, owing to the difference in the tastes of the two peoples; for, were the authorities to stand aloof, I doubt whether the class of people to whom I allude would spring up, whereas, in England, they would not thrive did they not accord with the tastes of the majority, or, at least, of a very large minority. The weather has been really spring-like—the heat, indeed, greater than is well for the season, but, for the moment, one cannot help revelling in this foretaste of summer after the horrible winter which we have passed through. Paris is, of course, a little dull; for, during Lent, fashionable society, even here, has sufficient decency to pretend to conform to the ordinances of its Church. The consequence is, that dinners and concerts take the place of receptions and balls. However, there has been room for talk during the past few days in the rather unexpected turn which matters connected with the Senatus-Consultum have taken. The clause which gives to the Emperor the right of appealing directly to the people, in the form of a plebiscitum, seems to have given almost general offence. A few moments' reflection must serve to show that it is either harmless or very objectionable. The former, if it is never to be called into requisition; in which case, why does the Emperor refuse to let it be struck out? the latter, if it is a weapon to remain in his hands, so that he may, if he refuses to sanction any measures of his ministry, appeal directly to the people. Every one knows that a plebiscitum has always been, and always will be, merely a formality. It is like the highwayman, who boasts of his generous conduct, because he lets you choose between your money and your life. The Emperor asks the country to say yes or no; and, in the latter event, has the wonder-working chassepots to quench civil war, which a majority against him would amount to. Can it be wondered at that men of all parties, except those who wish for his downfall, combat such a clause; and does not his persistency give them grounds for believing that the liberties which he has been so generously granting with his right hand he may some day take away with his left? If report speaks true, the Senatus-Consultum will be voted by the Senate in about a fortnight; and, as soon after as well may be, submitted to the approval of the country by means of the much-discussed plebiscitum. It is well known to be much against the wish of M. Ollivier and his colleagues that this clause remains in; and many people blame them for not insisting on its withdrawal or offering their resignations, in which latter case it is possible that the Emperor would have given way, sooner than have plunged the country into such excitement as the formation of a fresh "personal" Cabinet must have given rise to. I cannot but confess that my confidence in the practical statesmanship of M. Ollivier has been much diminished by the course of events in the Chamber during the last few days. His impatience of contradiction, and his readiness to make of the slightest interpellation which does not suit his views a Cabinet question, seems more like the conduct of that Lucifer, fallen from the serene heaven of the University of Oxford to the dead level of Teakettle-row—the people's William—than that of a man who, in years of opposition to the despotism of the Rouhers and the Baroches, won the admiration, even of his opponents, by his calm, and yet firm denunciations of the insolence of bureaucracy and its mouthpieces. It is ever so in politics: the indignant denunciator of red-tapeism and waste of public funds sinks into a luxurious sinecure, without even a sigh for his lost liberty of speech; and the defender of the rights of the people finds that, after all, there are two sides to a question, when there is a door in Downing-street or the Quai d'Orsay which is left a-jar. In any event, the next fortnight will let us know definitely whether we are to have our political liberty in its entirety, or whether our chains are merely to be gilded, and the hinges of our prison-door oiled.

I hear that that well-conducted, but perhaps a little plain-spoken, paper, *The Queen's Messenger*, which a series of misfortunes, brought on, many people were ill-natured enough to say, by its own fault, compelled to put up its shutters last year in London, has appeared again this year, under a somewhat different title—*The Plain Speaker*—at Brussels. Possibly for Mr. Grenville Murray, that indignant Lord Carington will not take the trouble to come all the way from London for the purpose of horse-whipping him, but he must remember that corporal punishment may be administered, like many other things, by proxy; and that, in the event of his getting "into trouble," he will find the Brussels publicans less ready to come forward as his bail for four or five hundred pounds. In any event *The Plain Speaker* is likely to have very few listeners.

The Chalons camp will be in full swing early in May, and the Prince Imperial is to pay a lengthened visit to it, and, I believe, take part in the manœuvres with his *bonne*, the Gen. Frossard. The Emperor and Empress will also pay one or two visits, so we may expect that Bismarck will induce his august master to give the world a taste of the quality of his troops, as a kind of counter-demonstration to the exercises of the French army.

There is to be an exhibition of fans at the South Kensington Museum, to which we are large contributors. The Empress and Baron de Rothschild have promised to send their superb collections. The Duchesse de Chevreuse, the Princesse de Sagau, the Duchesse de Luynes, and the Marquise de Grimaldi are also among those whose fans are to be seen; and could the history of each one be sent with it, the collection would possess an interest which would not, perhaps, be agreeable to all their owners.

There has been a dinner at Madame de Pourtalès' reception at the Comte de Nieuwerkerke, and musical parties given by the Marquise de Bouillé, and the Comtesse de Casabianca; and, on Monday, there is to be a grand concert at the Duchesse de Galliera's. As usual, in Lent, several marriages have been just announced. Among others, that of M. Maurice Richard, the Minister of Fine Arts, with Mademoiselle Aubertot, who is a great heiress; and that of Baron de Joinville, private secretary to M. de Forcade la Roquette, with Mademoiselle Gautier, a step-daughter of the Secretary-General of the Imperial Household. The Duc Riquetti di Caraman, who is descended from the constructor of the Languedoc canal, is also about to marry the only daughter of the Duke of Padua, and the niece of the Marquis de Talhouët; and M. Hope Rapp, the grandson of General Rapp, is engaged to a daughter of the General Tartas.

The racing at Vincennes last Sunday was very poor, only twelve horses starting for the three events, and Baron Finot kept up his charter of ill luck this season, by getting twice second, making about the sixth time this year that he has just failed to secure valuable prizes. Our legitimate season, which opens on Easter Monday, will, no doubt, put a different face on affairs. The first week is generally very successful, as so many of your legislators avail themselves of the vacation to come over to us. The Paris *mutuels* will then be in full swing, and Messrs. Jones, Gédeon, and Gorringe, busily employed.

The *Figaro* says that 60,000 revolvers have been sold in Paris since the verdict of the High Court was given; that Pierre Buonaparte drove down the Boulevart in an open carriage; and that his horror, the small-pox, is disappearing. Why not the other as well?

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 9.

From a Member of Parliament to Josiah Snodger, Esq.

MY DEAR MR. SNODGER,—Great pressure of business has prevented me from answering your amiable and interesting letter at an earlier date. Having now a few spare moments at my disposal, I feel that it is my duty to devote them to you, the spokesman of my excellent and highly-valued constituents. You enquire, first, whether I shall do you the honour to devote the Easter recess to attending public meetings and justifying the political course I have pursued, and explaining my intentions for the future. Candidly, my dear Snodger—you will allow me, I trust, to be thus familiar—I shall *not* do you that honour. I have been working hard since the session commenced for the good, not merely of our ancient borough, but of the entire British Empire, and exhausted nature demands temporary relaxation in the lively capital of France. Need I say that I allude to Paris? You are good enough to suggest, further, on behalf of my constituents, that if I shall not be able to visit you, and attend a public meeting, I should, at least, receive a deputation, and give those explanations of my Parliamentary votes you feel called upon to demand. My dear Snodger—I cannot be distant with *you*—the thing is out of the question. Reflect, my good friend, reflect. You are not cursed with the high organisation, the sensitive temperament, the exquisite diffidence of the innate Statesman, the subtle Politician, the Leader of Thought, such as I am considered to be by a discerning few. A deputation, Snodger! from our Ancient Borough! Don't do it, I beg of you as a friend. If you determine upon doing it, I must trouble you to bring a coffin with you, for, in my present state, I feel that I should inevitably succumb.

But I am not unreasonable. I can quite understand the anxiety of those whom I have the honour to represent to know the reasons of my apparent change of opinion, since I had the honour of addressing them in their noble Town Hall. (By the bye, my dear S., your Town Hall is very full of draughts, and I shall be very happy to subscribe the sum of one guinea towards improving the present system of ventilation.) When I had the honour of addressing the electors I told them, as you justly remind me, that I would not rest till I had rooted out a bloated aristocracy, and had established all social rights upon an eternal basis, and had levelled the degrading distinctions between class and class. I promised—you are quite right in telling me so—that, before three months had passed away, I would cleanse the Augean stable, and bring about such beneficent changes as would turn our blood-stained earth into a paradise once more. You complain that I have not done so,—that, in point of fact, things remain very much as they were—and you urge that, unless I satisfactorily account for the non-performance of my promise, I had better resign my seat to some one more worthy of the honour of representing you in the Nation's Senate. Candidly, again, Snodger, I own that I have failed: but you must do me the justice to remember that, in the words of the immortal bard, "'Tis not in mortals to command success"; and I see no reason why I should now yield to circumstances, give up my glorious projects as hopeless, and resign my seat to another occupant. In the first place, I am quite convinced, apart from all conceit, that a worthier occupant could not be found; and I could not think of putting our ancient borough to the trouble of a new election; and I do not think I should be doing my duty as a man, and as a citizen, if I exposed our weaker brethren among the electors to the temptations of bribery and corruption. In the next place, I have determined to enlarge the time for the completion of my grand political plans from three months to thirteen years. You will be satisfied with this determination, I am sure, when I tell you that I have arrived at it after the most anxious and serious consideration. You must excuse me for saying that I am in a much better position to judge what is good for the people in general, and my constituents in particular, than you are. You and your friends,

Snodger, are poetical, you are indeed; you do not know it yourselves, and you certainly don't look like it; but you are eminently poetical. Rest satisfied with this great gift. You look forward to an age of perfection: you bask in the vision of a regenerated humanity in which everybody shall have at least five thousand a-year. Each blessed individual, in your wide-hearted scheme, is to be a gentleman with no work to do, and no taxes to pay. You have, unconsciously, no doubt, borrowed this vast idea from our sanguine neighbours in the Emerald Isle. I will not wrong such honourable men (see Shakspeare) by flattering their hope. It is attainable, no doubt, but it will take several generations to work it out. In the mean time, rely upon my earnest endeavours to bring it to a successful issue. Let me implore you solemnly not to be impatient and distrustful. Return each of you to your honest employment, remembering the words of the great classic poet, to the effect that an honest man is a thing of joy for ever, and leave the rest to Providence and me.

Oblige me by distributing my blessing among my constituents; and be good enough yourself to accept the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

[For obvious reasons we cannot print the signature. We have no desire to be summoned to the bar of the House of Commons to answer for a breach of privilege, by the Old Stick, or the Birch Rod, or the Sergeant-in-Arms [happy Sergeant, if they are nice white arms!] However, we will appear at the bar, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer will stand treat handsomely. We decline altogether having anything to do with the "tea room." We don't care about tea.—*M. A. T.*]

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XXIV.—Halo.

First—

There was a potman of St. Malo
Whose sweet nocturnal cry of "Ale, oh!"
(A blend, they said, of *bière et l'eau*)
Was heard what time, with circling halo,
The moon arose in lustre pale

O.

Second—

All day we roamed the sea:
The sun had brought his ray low,
And glowed in majesty,
Crowned with a golden halo.

While hoping luck would send
Some slave-ship in our way, lo!
As though a welcome friend,
The look-out shouted "Sail, ho!"

The captain rushed on deck—
That captain's name was Tayloe:—
Said he, "I see a speck,
But one that we can't nail, O!"

"Yes!" cried the captain's drudge—
That is, in Latin, "*calo*"—
The captain answered, "Fudge!
'Tis nothing but a whale, O!"

Mist.

Third—

Though you say that the tax is, we pay, low
('Tis a part of the Liberal game),
While five quarters in one we bewail, O,
The lion sits wondrously tame.
You may think that a glorious halo
Surrounds your illustrious name;
But I feel that I safely may say, Lowe,
That the taxpayers don't think the same.

Uncle Dros.

See how, at touch of heaven's rod
Rises the new-born day: lo!
A crown of sunbeams, sent from God,
Forms round its head a halo!

What burden of care and of sorrow
Bears the young day, with grief pale—O,
To think that only to-morrow
Brings rest—when to-day shall lay low!

Father of Days and of Light!
Hear thy children's pitiful wail, O!
Shine on thy world, and the night
Of our grief with thy blessing enhallow!

City.

The night fell dark, with red and angry glare;
The sun had set beyond the frothing wave;
The wind was hushed, and through the field of air
A solemn silence reigned, unbroken, save
For the dull flapping of some sea-bird there,
And the shrill cry the lonely creature gave:
Anon, the moon's pale mist-encircled halo
Gave light enough to make the watch cry, "Sail O!"

I, leaning o'er the taffrail, watched the bark,
As homeward-bound, she scudded through the sea,
Till hull and mast had faded in the dark,—
And thought upon the port where soon she'd be,
And the warm welcome that would greet the ark,
And those she landed on the well-known quay;
For Memory, o'er the past, a sacred halo
Casts often when 'tis too late to bewail, oh!

I thought upon the maiden I had left,
Of her I loved so truly and so well,
Of happy hours when, quite of care bereft,
We strolled together down the moonlit dell.
And though, alas! relentless fate had cleft
Our lives asunder, yet I could not quell
The vision fancy raised of that sweet halo
That from her glorious tresses seemed t'exhale, oh!

O Cressid! hadst thou but been true to me,
I should have staid for ever at thy side;
Hadst thou but harkened to my tender plea,
Ere this thou wouldst have been my own—my bride;
Now, though I'm leaving all, yet leaving thee
Seems worse than leaving all the world beside.
Now, for my blighted life the only halo
Left, is for me to seek some holy grail, oh!

For all that made life fair, with thee is gone,
And I would rather think of thee as dead
Than as thou art, O false and faithless one!
No true halo was that which round thy head
Glittered, but a Will-o'-the-Wisp, that shone
But to betray the foolish boy it led.
For mine, another and a different halo
I hope to win, and one that will not fail, oh!

Troilus.

It's a queer sort of word to rhyme to, is "halo;"
I think, when you've read these few lines, you will say so,
And I shan't get the prize—for that I will bail go!
If I forfeit that, then at once I'll to gaol go.

Pebbonus.

The captain cried, "See yonder halo
Encircling the waning moon;
The gathering darkness, like a veil O-
Paque, foreboding the typhoon!"

Then, quickly, through his trump he sounded,
"Aloft, my lads, take in all sail! Ho,
Quickly!" he cried, as up they bounded,
"Haul down, and lay the mizen-sail low!"

Zerlina.

When round the moon a halo
Is seen amain,
Obstructing every ray, lo!
Look out for rain!

Fanfan.

I love the smooth sands of St. Malo;
Ah, me! it's a very old tale, O,
She arrived but that day by the mail, O
('Twas before they invented the rail, O).
We met. The moon wore a soft halo,
She, darling girl, looked frail and pale, O:
I said, "Shall we in one boat sail, O,
For ever, through calm and through gale, O?"
She smiled, so I lifted her veil, O!—
We have shared joys and griefs in this vale, O;
Our eyes are beginning to fail, O,
For we're nearing the end of the tale, O,
Yet I love the smooth sands of St. Malo.

Sec.

Prize Word—No. XXV.—Minuet.

Competition Papers received from Juvenis; Mum; Newburgh; Homo; Jessie; Marco; N. N.; Hope; Q. in the Corner; Easter-Egg; J. S. P.; Mary S.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

The annual general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket after the races on Wednesday, in the Craven meeting.

The following notice has been given since those already published.

If the committee to be asked for by Sir Joseph Hawley in the Craven Meeting be granted, it is the intention of Lord Ailesbury to submit the following propositions for their consideration:—

1. That no public two-year-old stakes to be run for at Newmarket, or other place under the Newmarket rules, shall close between the Tuesday after Doncaster September Meeting and the following 25th of March.

2. That the acceptances for any free handicap and the declaration of forfeits for any other handicap to be run for at Newmarket, or other place under the Newmarket rules, shall in no case be published earlier than Thursday immediately preceding the week in which the race is to be run.

The object of the first proposition is to discourage the early trying of two-year-olds. The object of the second is to discourage play or pay betting on handicap races.

RACING FIXTURES.

APRIL.			
Kingsbury	18	South Essex	21
Newmarket Craven	18	East Sussex Hunt	23
Durham	18	Cardiff	26
Enfield	18	Exeter	27
Knighton	19	Croydon	28
Isle of Wight	20	Eglinton Hunt	28
MAY.			
Newmarket 1st Spring	2	Doncaster	19
Sevenoaks	5	Wye	19
Edinburgh	7	Harpenden	20
Chester	10	Bath	24
Winchester	10	Stamford	26
Salisbury	12	Croydon	26
Chelmsford	17	Epsom	31
York	17		
JUNE.			
Lewis	7	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30
JULY.			
Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Newmarket July	5	Southampton	14
Carlisle	5	Isle of Man	14
Worcester	7	Knutsford	15
Pontefract	11	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Reading	12	Goodwood	26
AUGUST.			
Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		
SEPTEMBER.			
Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29
OCTOBER.			
Bedford	4	Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10
Leicester	6	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
NOVEMBER.			
Liverpool Autumn	8	Shrewsbury	14

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2¾ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. C.—Are you an Aide-de-Camp or an Assistant Drainage Commissioner? Or only A Deep Card? In any case, we must decline to comply with your request.

Green Sleeves.—An old tune and a young mare. For further particulars apply to Mr. Chappell or Sir Joseph Hawley.

No. 6.—(1) They are, perhaps, more delicate and want water; but they are, in our opinion, more intelligent and affectionate, and better "all-round" dogs than pointers.—(2) Gordons; or the Red Irishmen.

Chokeydar.—We have been "inspired" by facts; an impartial consideration of which has convinced us that a great wrong has been done.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Covent Garden.—Fidelio. Half-past Eight.

Haymarket.—A Co-operative Movement—New Men and Old Acres—No Song No Supper. Seven.

Princess's.—Money—Romeo and Juliet. Seven.

Adelphi.—My Precious Betsy—The Prompter's Box—Whitebait at Greenwich. Seven.

Lyceum.—Sampson's Wedding—At a Quarter past Eight: Chilpéric. Seven.

Olympic.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.

Strand.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

St. James's.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage - An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

Gaiety.—Young Hopeful—At a Quarter to Eight: Uncle Dick's Darling—At Half-past Nine: The First Night. Seven.

New Queen's.—'Twixt Axe and Crown—My Wife's Dentist Seven.

Royalty.—Love's Doctor—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.

Globe.—Philomel—Ticket-of-Leave Man. Quarter to Seven.

Charing Cross.—Captain Smith—Not So Bad After All - Ixion. Seven.

Astley's.—Nine Points of One Law—The Grand Duchess. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

IN the novel and touching words of the *Times*, "the spell is broken," and Cambridge achieves her patiently-awaited, richly-earned triumph. Nine long years of battling against bad fortune, which really seemed insurmountable, was sufficient to have disheartened the most cheerful believers in the silver lining, and would have forced natures possessed of less of the "real grit" to throw up the sponge. Cambridge hoped on, trained on, fought on; and, after an unexampled experience of the plough, have at length reaped the fruits. Of the thousands of bright eyes that on Wednesday last looked on the fairest scene that ever graced the river side, it is hardly too much to say that two pairs out of every three looked on the pale ensign with kindlier feelings and deeper sympathy than on its rival; or that, of the pretty little secular prayers put up at the start, the Mathematicians had a large balance in their favour. I have read, and wish I could believe, that the sky-blue was also the more favoured tint in the adornments of the *beau sexe*; but my experience, I regret to say, flatly contradicts this agreeable fancy. When a damsel did commit herself to the colours of either champion, it was to Oxford that her toilette visibly inclined. But the truth is, that for one fair one with amber chignon who adopted the badge of one of the knights, one hundred assumed a cognisance belonging to neither. The inky depths of Oxford indigo is as ill-suited to blonde or brunette as the washed-out sickliness of Cambridge cobalt; and most of the spectatresses of the fight elected to wear a brilliant compromise which committed them to no choice, and left the question of preference as open as the race.

Since writing of the then coming struggle last week, the race had indeed acquired an "openness" which at that time few of the warmest partisans of the Cam ventured to expect. The improvement in the Cambridge boat, to which I then alluded, had continued so marked that, especially after her successful trial trip with the London Rowing Club, there was little market superiority on the side of her opponent, the odds in whose favour fell at the start to a "shade." Half-a-dozen pairs of sixes to five would represent the exact quotation, and bets in the harmless medium of kid were as rife as the more deleterious wagers in specie, the existence of which, even on an element so pure as water, cannot be wholly denied. Once, and once only, during the race the slight odds or evens veered round to the normal 7 to 4. The most critical point—a point where the Dark Blues had *always* forged ahead—was reached, and after the Light Blues had enjoyed a slight lead, a gallant spurt had brought the nose of the Isis to that of the Cam. The gallant stroke of the Dark Blues had put forth his strength, and called upon his men to second his desperate efforts to turn the fortune of the day. For once, Cambridge was equal to the emergency; and in the magnificent struggle which took place at the Soap Works, Oxford had, for the first time for nine years, the worst of it. The effort was virtually their last; like an army after its last unsuccessful charge, their ranks grew broken and disordered, and though they fought on with undaunted courage, the day was irretrievably lost. Cambridge, though rather wild at last, finished their work well; and, as aforesaid, "broke the spell" by winning, for the first time for nearly a decade, by a good length and a-half.

That this consummation, in default of the dead heat, always desirable, was the one devoutly to be wished, every one, except perhaps the more enthusiastic of those in residence, will admit. It is impossible to go on stern-chasing for ever. The best pluck and the highest spirits will eventually give way before the cold monotony of defeat; and a spiritless contest, if one survived at all, must eventually have resulted from a long unbroken line of victories, all, like the handle of a jug, on one side. The result of Wednesday's memorable struggle has proved that success may be commanded as well as deserved; that the enemy is not invincible; that the line is to be broken; that the Dark Blues, even with Superintendent Darbishire at their head, are, as other men, to be challenged, passed, to receive wash, to grow demoralised, to be all abroad, to be beaten. It seems abominable that our rejoicings over the success of the victors should lead us to exult in this fashion over the defeat of the losers; but it is, I suppose, inevitable. After all, Oxford can well spare a leaf from her crown; and much must be forgiven, in the heat of successful vaticination, to a successful prophet. For I boldly announced my resolution to arise up early (if it were possible) and see Cambridge win; and by unheard-of efforts succeeded in effecting the double event. And, to say nothing of plovers' eggs, I never regretted sacrifice less.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 19.

Thus, then, you bid farewell and go your way.
You choose to think me changed, and therefore you,
With stony eyes and cold voice, say adieu!
Mine is a heart that loves but to betray!
I have no thoughts beyond the latest fashion—
My soul from ball and park can never range:—
In this blonde face there is no spark of passion—
I seek society and constant change.

The girl it was your chance to meet last year
Far off in the secluded country town,
Where never came the busy hum to drown
The music of your love notes, still should wear
The country garb which pleased your jaded eyes;
And she, forsooth, may speak to none but you—
For you alone reserve her ecstacies—
Her whole self-sacrifice is but your due!

The dance—the fête—Oh, she should shun them all,
Unless, indeed, you bid her to be there;
For you alone she binds the waving hair,
For you alone she seeks the opera-stall!
She speaks to others—bah, her heart is light!
She smiles on others—Oh, the monstrous flirt!
She goes to balls, she loves voluptuous night;
She cannot play with fire and not be hurt!

Dare I to hint your lordship is unjust?
Or, not to speak too harshly, is unfair?
In the asked sacrifice what is your share?
Will you not give up something if I must?
And yet, methinks, you court not banishment,
Exile from club and stall you brook not long;
No, day by day upon your pleasure bent,
You mingle in society's brightest throng.

But you're a man, and I a woman weak,
Temptation tries me, and I needs must fall!
Such little trifles our poor hearts enthral—
Your flushed excitement we should never seek:
Of course, we cannot boast your iron will,
Too giddy we to stand upon the brink,
A look—a touch—we feel the sensuous thrill,
And fall, blind victims, daring not to think!

Go sir: I envy not your selfish pride,
I envy not your littleness of heart,
That deems that woman cannot bear her part
Unscathed—nor stainless battle with the tide—
The tide of passions ever surging round
The heart they beat against and strive to fill:
You think that she is never faithful found,
You think she has no conscience and no will!

Go by, O vain and trustless heart, go by!
Go, live in solitude your narrow life;
Or take a painted plaything for your wife,
And watch it with your little jealousy.
Still hold with vanity your pleasant creed,
You man, the woman are so far above;
A soft-lipped, mild-eyed slave is all you need;
You are not worthy of a woman's love!

You cannot sound the depth of true devotion,
You cannot guess its mighty breadth and length;
You cannot touch the margin of its strength—
Your *love!* a lakelet to the boundless ocean!
You're apt to sneer at poor humanity,
And cynically scoff at all its weakness,
Or pity it with mock urbanity,
While in your own heart lies the waste of bleakness!

I thank you for the lesson that you teach;
I thank you for the warning that you give;
Oh, never may I, while God lets me live,
Forget the duty that each owes to each!
Though sorrow's mists may cloud the struggling soul,
Though friends may falter—vainest hopes allure—
Hope's rainbow lights for all the happy goal,
And bids us aid each other, and endure!

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

WE traced last week the course of events relating to the Nizamut up to the death of Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah, the unfortunate prince whom the Company insisted on considering all his life a minor. It will surprise no one who has followed our narrative to this point, to find that the series of supplementary treaties which succeeded Shah Aalum's firman ended here. The hard bargain which was driven with Mobaruk was the last transaction of that description to which the seal of the Company was affixed. Both the effect and the wording of the Great Minority Treaty show that it was intended as a final and permanent arrangement. The Company had not enjoyed the collection of the revenues of the provinces for five years without knowing what they could pay with ease and profit; and, having secured all they imagined could be "annexed" at the least possible outlay, were content to close their series of spoliations, and record the inviolable and eternal character of the last. The administrative government of three provinces had passed into their hands; they had reduced the price paid for the concession by 410,000*l.* per annum; they had nothing to do but to rest and be thankful. No more treaties were made; but it may be mentioned in this place that the letters of consecutive Governors-General have afforded to the present Nawab the most ample ratification of those entered into with his ancestors.

Between the death of Mobaruk and the year 1834 five Nawabs occupied the Musnud, their reigns presenting no remarkable feature beyond the chronic state of pecuniary difficulty which was the inevitable consequence of the gradual absorption of their means, the course of which we have endeavoured to trace. In 1816, however, it was considered expedient by the Company to appoint a resident agent at the Court of Moorshedabad. Although the duties of this officer were to consist in acting as "the protector of the Nawab, and his friend and councillor in matters of importance or difficulty," it was not without considerable reluctance that the Nawab availed himself of this gracious mark of the Company's benevolence. He had had painful experience of the effect of such marks of distinction; and when he learned that the handsome salary of the "Agent Governor-General" was to be provided from the accumulations of the allowance of the Munnee Begum, his suspicions as to the disinterested motives of the Company were not unnaturally aroused. An autograph letter of Lord Moira, the then Governor-General, conveying the solemn assurance that this fund would always be considered the inalienable property of the Nawab's family, quieted his Highness's just apprehensions, and the office was created. The protector and councillor of the Nawab was not long in finding favourable opportunity for the exercise of his exalted functions.

In 1834, the Nizamut accounts having, it would seem, fallen into a complicated state, a result by no means calculated to cause astonishment, it seemed good to Captain Thoresby, the then agent, to propose an Agreement to the Nawab. This document, after the curious recital that "the form in which the Nizamut accounts are rendered are unsatisfactory and *productive of no good*," provides for a general clearing up and settlement of outstanding claims, the commutation to cash payments of certain perquisites, and the keeping of future accounts on a clearer system. The Agreement in due course received the approval of the Governor-General, and became, for a short space, law. It is quite possible that the provisions of this Agreement might, had they been adhered to, have been attended with advantage to the affairs of the Nizamut.

The "introduction of a more simple and effective mode of keeping accounts," for instance, might, it is possible, have tended to an "increase of ease and happiness to the Nawab." But the trial was hardly made. Barely eighteen months from its signature, the terms of the Agreement were, on the recommendation of Mr. Melville, the then Agent Governor-General, set aside. The clauses by which the reversion of lapsed pensions and compensations was secured to the Nizamut Treasury were ignored: the promise that all accumulations effected by economy should be at the "entire disposal" of the Nawab, was found to be a figure of speech. The "ease and happiness" promised by Captain Thoresby were discovered to be of the class of edifice known as castles in Spain.

We may turn aside here for a moment to consider the nature of this "Nizamut Deposit Fund," to the credit of which the various accumulations which should, beyond all question, have been handed to the Nawab, were carried. The nucleus of this fund, first applied, as we have seen, in payment of the Agent's salary, was derived from five lakhs, the accumulations of the Munnee Begum's allowance, together with two lakhs, her private property, the interest arising from these seven lakhs being sufficient to defray the liberal salary awarded to the Protector and Councillor of the Nawab. To this fund were subsequently added two others. The first, Munnee Begum's, or the "Nizamut Deposit Fund" proper, invested for the purpose of building a palace for the Nawab; and the second, the Nizamut Pension Fund, consisting of the arrears of Munnee Begum's stipend, and others which might lapse, up to the extent of two lakhs per annum, and no more, "for the benefit of the Nizamut generally, including the Nizamut personally." The whole may, for convenience and for all practical purposes, be considered as "The Nizamut Deposit Fund," of which it is sufficient to say here that it has over and over again been recognised as the inalienable property of the Nawab's family; that it was always the intention, implied and expressed, that no more than two lakhs should be annually deducted from His Highness's income towards its maintenance; and that the Nawab's right to the re-invested interest was as clear and distinct as his right to the principal.

The Grumbler.

"SO long as we maintain a standing army, we must have barracks somewhere," sagaciously observed the Secretary of War to a deputation who waited upon him the other day, to urge the removal of the Cavalry Barracks from Knightsbridge. The observation, though not pre-eminent for brilliancy, was true enough; but it does not follow that the finest body of men—the *élite* of the regiments of the world—should be housed in such a parish union looking building as the one alluded to; neither does it follow, because the old dingy brick building that turns its back upon Hyde-park happens to be lamentably unsightly, a hue and cry should be got up against its inmates, and accusations hurled against them, attributing every act of drunkenness and debauchery occurring in Knightsbridge and its neighbourhood to the household troops that may happen to be quartered there. Now, it is a notorious fact that the Household Brigade is composed of as orderly and well-conducted a body of men as are to be met with anywhere, and this maintained by an *esprit de corps* that has existed since the creation of the Brigade; and a reference to the Metropolitan Police reports would show how rare are the instances of a private, in any of the three regiments, having to appear before a magistrate on a charge either of drunkenness or disorderly conduct. Somehow, we never can let a good thing alone; and now, just because we happen to have one in a small and compact brigade of cavalry, that have ever been, and still very justly are, the pride of our country and the envy of all foreign potentates who have ever visited England—a pretorian guard, in fact, in the highest and most perfect order of discipline and equipment, and in every way most admirably adapted for the service for which they are intended—we must needs have a paltry pound shilling and pence question raised as to their worth and utility: in other words, threats of a movement to call for the reduction of the Household Cavalry by ten squadrons. Mr. Lowe may, in his pleasant facetious manner, describe the Knightsbridge Barracks as the Isthmus of Barbarism; but, in his economic view, he must take England to be the island of penuriousness, if he imagines the country cannot afford to maintain three such splendid regiments as those that form the Household Cavalry. If we are really so hard up that the paltry amount to a nation that might be saved by the dissolution of this arm of the service, is really of importance to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, why not take and pawn the Crown jewels at once, for they would not, after all, be much missed, and might at any time be hired for state occasions on the days—so few and far between—when they are wanted. As to the assertion that these regiments are useless, and unfit for service, it is simply absurd, for they just happen to be the right men in the right place. To begin with, they were never intended for foreign service—neither are they at all likely to be required for it; were they to be so, no men in the world would give a better account of themselves, and the simple allusion to Shaw, the Lifeguardsman, will be enough to recall where they were, and what they did, when—

> "The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;—
> The morn the marshalling in arms;—the day
> Battle's magnificently stern array."

They are, however, essentially London's own cavalry, and more, the most proper appanages to State ceremonies. As to the barracks, they are certainly not only unsightly, but wholly unfit for habitation, and should have been long since pulled down and rebuilt, not only in a commodious form, but further, as an ornament to the park, of which they should be the protection as well as the adornment. The splendid bands of these regiments, too, would add to the amusements of the afternoon's stroll. Who does not remember how they used to enliven the glades and gardens of dull old Kensington, in long-buried bygone seasons, with the freshest of airs from the newest of operas? Do away with our Horse Guards and Life Guards? Do away with Knightsbridge Barracks? Absurd. Let us do away with the old law courts at Westminster, and settle at once the place for the new ones: away with Temple Bar: away with the tipsy, ill-supported lamp-posts of Portland-place: away with the filth and smoke, and endeavour to lessen the misery and educate the ignorance of the metropolis: improve the lighting and increase the water supply: reorganise the whole civic jurisdiction: abolish the iniquities of St. Pancras:—but spare—oh, spare our Household Troops. Leave the Brigade alone.

I don't seem to grumble very much about the Household Troops, don't I? No, possibly I don't, for the simple reason that really there ain't much to find fault with or grumble about as concerns them. Suppose I dine at their mess daily, do you? Well, you are wrong, for I don't. Not that their mess is a bad one, or that I should not like it; for, in the first place, their mess, I am told, is admirable—nay, good enough to make a Bignon's mouth water; but, in the second, I have never been asked. But talking of Life Guards reminds one of helmets, and helmets recall the police, who are to have new helmets next month, to replace the frightful inverted butter-boats, with keels to 'em, they have hitherto been adorned with. What are the new ones to be like? How should I know, not having seen them; but depend upon it they will be most exquisitively ugly: a compound, most probably, of the inverted flower-pot and the modern chimney; they will be made of 8-inch turret-plates—"cuirassed," in fact—warranted to resist all blows, except those of the soft South-down saddle blow wafted from master's favourite joint up the area-steps, and only to be doffed when Susan Jane, the cook, sits on his knee, and soothes him from the salad-bowl. George Attenborough, lock up your *tiaras*, rings, diamonds, turquoise, and temptations for the future, in your patent "Griffiths." Trust not to the surveillance—the too-easily-seduced surveillance—of the old police or their new helmets. Susan Jane is a centre-bit that A 1 cannot resist. Distrust the safety of police rates—the security of the force. For two hours Bill Sikes was at your window, incising your patent-safety blinds, and the artful dodger had all but hooked your seven or seventeen thousand pounds' worth of stuff, while—where was the right man—most certainly in the wrong place. What is the use of a thick helmet where brains are so soft. In other words, why talk about helmets? Talk about men. Let us have a police selected, as I have said before, from old tried and experienced men: not loafers after a sop in the pan, but a police selected from an old deserving, medal-wearing soldiery. New helmets, bah! Just think of Mr. George Attenborough's shop

being patronised for upwards of two hours by the cleverest cracksmen of London at the corner of Chancery-lane, and seventeen thousand pounds staring them in the face, while—where were the police all the time?

Oh where, and oh where is our policeman gone?
Has he dropped into some public and left us all alone?
Oh where, and oh where can No. A 1 be?
Is he along with Susan Jane a-sitting on his knee?
I know not where he is, but this I know right well,
He is not where he ought to be—or p'rhaps it is a sell;
But let it be howe'er it may,
Let us not hear again
Of a patent shutter being bored through
While no policeman came.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

ANOTHER amusing trait in the character of "Augur" and his employers is to be noticed in their judicious treatment of the boat race this year. "Augur" goes for Oxford, and the gentleman whom they would probably dub their special correspondent, for Cambridge. Is this good enough, British public? I notice, too, an article from the *redaction*, defending their plan of employing those wonderful individuals who write the eloquent letters from Stockbridge, Newmarket, &c., and pointing out how profitable they are to any one who will follow their advice. It is rather difficult to understand how this can be, as each tout invariably recommends any horse trained in his district, indiscriminately, for every race in which he is engaged, with the exception of when he happens to win. One proof of this is the Spencer Plate. The Newmarket tout goes for The Orphan, the Stockbridge one for Mount Pleasant, the Epsom ditto for Paté, the Ilsley ditto for Plaudit, while the Fyfield gentleman says that "Bosworth is not fit." Instances might be multiplied at discretion. "Augur," individually, has been this week less obtrusive than usual; but, referring to his early notes on the Northamptonshire Stakes, I find his "selections" were Cock-of-the-Walk, Clemence, Sylva, Sagittarius, and Free Trade. On Saturday he discards all these, and goes for "The Briton and Midsummer, with a preference for the former." His early choices for the St. Liz Handicap were King Cophetua, Adelaide, Sagittarius, and Soucar, while on the day of the race he goes for Miss Dayrell and Idus, the only two backed, and the odds *on* whom, coupled, were not less than 8 to 1. As I said above, he went for Oxford, and in the Spencer Plate his representatives were Catamaran, Douglas, and The Orphan. If one had followed the *Sporting Life* this week (or, indeed, any previous one), in what a state of Christian charity towards one's neighbours would one be!

Returning to a more congenial topic, I may safely say that the Northampton Meeting was a great success, in despite of the absence of the two-year-olds. The fields were somewhat smaller than usual on the Tuesday; but the contests were many of them close, and the competitors quite up to the average. The pleasantest of all the spring re-unions, Northampton, though no longer the opening of the campaign, invariably attracts a large attendance of the right sort of people. The only apology, indeed, for the holding of suburban gatherings is to be found in the fact that, if held on the same day as that appointed for some legitimate fixture, they would keep the latter free from the genus rough and pickpocket. I commend the argument to the attention of their promoters and fuglemen. The Trial Stakes, in the absence of Miss Dayrell, whose performance in the St. Liz Handicap has been to me the cause of serious domestic disagreement, was an easy affair for Paté, whose only opponents were Robespierre, not quite fit yet, Burgundy, who will run some good races this year, and Knutsford. For the Delapre Free Handicap, Moncrieff was again made a favourite; but, as usual, disappointed his friends, and finished but fourth; Sophie, a filly by Lord Clifden out of the dam of that impostor Tramp, winning easily from the unbacked Vibration. A field of eleven, one more than last year, came to the post for the Stakes, of which The Briton was made first favourite at the last, Midsummer and Douglas being also heavily backed. Count Batthyany's horse, however, failed to emulate the deeds of the nobleman whom we are bid take off our hats to, or even to obtain the respectable position which he gained at Epsom last week. Midsummer and Falkland were left in the straight to fight out the battle, and the former gained a rather easy half-length victory, though Lord Zetland's horse, benefited by the few days extra galloping, materially improved on his form in the Metropolitan, as I quite expected that he would; indeed, had he not stumbled close to home, he would have made an even better fight, though I cannot think that he would have reversed the verdict. Midsummer ran very gamely, contrary to his custom last year, and it is probable that he will be as useful a four-year-old for The Baron as was Restitution last year. Douglas and Free Trade failed to stay home, though the latter's running in the Queen's Plate on Wednesday was a great improvement on his form of the day before. I am inclined to think that the result of this race lessens the significance of Sabinus' victory in the long race at Epsom, as at Northampton Midsummer proved himself a two-stone better horse than Falkland, and the latter certainly did not get above a stone beating from Sabinus; in addition to which he was a few pounds better horse at the last-named place, and as I should want to try a Derby horse to beat Midsummer at a very few pounds, if not at even weights, Sabinus would not have much chance of winning the Derby were he qualified to run for it. All this tissue of reasoning (or what you may choose to call it) depends, of course, on what Mr. Graham's gelding beat Falkland by in the Metropolitan. He won very easily of course, but Falkland could have finished much nearer to him than he did, and a stone is a lot of weight to give away. Paganini surprised the public, and perhaps his friends, by running into the third place, a performance which, coupled with his very forward position in the City and Suburban, will earn for him the unwelcome attentions of handicappers for some little time to come, both in long and short races. In the Sulby Handicap Tibthorpe at once recouped Prince Soltykoff his Epsom purchase-money and a considerable margin, and he would almost seem to have returned to his Goodwood form of '67. The Stand Plate Handicap was secured by April Morn, and Compromise, who represented Joseph Dawson in lieu of Mysotis, had no difficulty in landing the odds freely laid on him against Threatener. The Whittlebury Stakes only obtained three starters—King o' Scots, La Colonne, and Torreador. The latter of these ran like the impostor that he has always proved himself to be, and King o' Scots had no difficulty in defeating La Colonne, who is moderate, and far from being fit. The former has now shaken off his maidendom, it is true; but that he has any chance of winning either Derby or Guineas, so long as forty or fifty others keep well, I will not under any circumstances believe. On Wednesday, in the opening race, Tibthorpe followed up his victory of the previous day by beating a field of sixteen in a common canter. The St Liz Handicap furnished an excellent contest between Idus and Miss Dayrell, but the three-year-old son was just too much at the finish for the four-year-old daughter. It was a very good performance on the part of Idus, for it must be remembered that he was receiving less weight by 5lb than Claudius, and by 7lb than Sabinus, in the City and Suburban from Miss Dayrell, and that he beat her quite as easily as Mr. Crawford's colt did. The Wakefield Lawn Stakes fell to Chibisa, who, when the property of Lord Stamford, won the New Stakes at Ascot, after a terrific finish with three others; but, later in the day, he was upset by Conrad in the Town Plate, which latter started at the remunerative price of 33 to 1. The Queen's Guineas were won by that useful filly, Fusee, who has already scored half-a-dozen victories this season. Compromise, who was a tremendous favourite, ran very badly, but Free Trade made a good fight of it. Adolphus, of the others, will show in very different colours before the year is out. The Althorpe Park Stakes became an easy affair for Simplon, in the absence of Lady of Lyons and Free Trade, who disposed of Mount Pleasant, Algerie, and King of Clubs without an effort. No less than seven-and-twenty horses came to the post for the Spencer Plate, including such speedy ones as the Amaranth colt, Plaudit, Vex, Paté, Green Riband, The Orphan, and Catamaran. With the exception of the first-named, none had a chance with last year's winner, who, handicapped at 7st 6lb, would, I quite expected, have been made a 2 to 1 favourite, instead of being allowed to start at such delicious odds as 100 to 6. I suppose, however, that the heavy metal entrusted to The Orphan, La Rose, Paté, Catamaran, and Douglas, helped to keep him back in the market; but in the race itself he won almost as easily as last year, with the Amaranth colt and St. George, who was not backed, in immediate attendance. It is, I believe, the only occasion on which the same horse has been twice victorious in this race. Taking it altogether, the Northampton meeting has been the best held as yet this year. Next week, being the week before Easter, is a blank in the *Racing Calendar*, so I am spared the exercise of my vaticinatory powers, though I cannot help a passing allusion to a very future event—the French Derby. I hear that, despite of the strong favouritism of the Lagrange team, Clos-Vougeot, who belongs to the Delamarre confederacy, is worth backing, if only for hedging purposes. He is half-brother to Clotho, who ran so well last autumn at Baden, Chantilly, and Paris, and has never yet performed in public. It must be rembered that Alaric, who is the Count's most formidable representative, will, if he proves to be half a good horse, run for the Epsom Derby, and, in that case, be an almost certain absentee at Chantilly. If, on the other hand, he turns out very bad, there is not much danger to be apprehended from him in either quarter; so that I confidently advise readers of the *Man about Town* to take in a stock of burgundy, if only for the purpose of retailing it out at a profit. The continental races will be well contested this year, if all accounts be true; but I fear that the presence of Blue Gown and the Colonel, in their respective capacities, will throw a damper on the Baden, Deauville, and Vienna contests.

Forecast.

In the Arena.

THE Boat Race is over; the hopes, fears, and doubts of 'Varsity men during the past fortnight are ended, and Cambridge has won her long-wanted victory, and well has she deserved it: the names of the winning crew will be immortalised, but the losers are far from disgraced; and even in the depths of grief at Oxford's defeat, we do feel proud of the crew who fought such a gallant stern chase from end to end, and although they never led, they never, until the winning post was reached, allowed Cambridge to claim her gallant victory. All particulars have been so discussed in the daily papers, that we can add nothing, and only endorse the general feeling of satisfaction at Cambridge having gained the victory. The Oxford crew were, undoubtedly, overmatched, and nothing but the determined efforts of Mr. Darbishire got the Oxonians so near at the finish: too much praise cannot be given to this gentleman for having, at the eleventh hour, come forward to help his University out of the difficulties they were in about their crew.

On Thursday, the Inter-University Sports came off at Lillie Bridge, the grounds of the Amateur Athletic Club, and Oxford completely avenged her defeat on the boat race; for never at any previous meetings of the Universities were such complete victories achieved, as one University winning seven and a-half out of nine events. The 100 yards race was won by the Oxford crack, Mr. J. G. Wilson, who appeared to have completely recovered from the strain in his ankle, and landed again the dark blue first, after a very sharp tussle with Mr. Clarke, of Cambridge. The weight-putting was won by Oxford, through the aid of Mr. Lucas, who put the 16 lb. stone 37 ft. 2 in.—a really great performance. The three miles race—the great event of the day—was, as on two former occasions, won by Mr. Morgan, for Oxford. Too much honour cannot be accorded this gentleman for his victory on Thursday, as a fortnight ago he had no idea of running, and has,

consequently, had but a hurried preparation for this event; and, notwithstanding this drawback, he managed, after waiting on his opponents for two and a-half miles, to win in a canter by eighty yards from the Cambridge crack, Mr. Hawtrey. The hammer-throwing, Oxford again scored first honours, by Mr. Waite throwing the murderous-looking weapon 107 ft. 2 in. The quarter-of-a mile race—which was booked as a certainty for Cambridge, through the aid of Mr. Upcher—was scored to Oxford by Mr. Somers-Smith; the half-mile champion winning in the splendid time of 51½ secs. This performance will cause Mr. Colbeck to look to his laurels, if Mr. Smith starts against him on Saturday for the Amateur Championship. The broad jump was added to Oxford's victorious career by Mr. Ornsby, who jumped 20 ft. 3¾ in., with the Cambridge representative, Mr. Wilcox, second, defeated by only a quarter of an inch—close measurement this! In the hurdle race, Cambridge gained their only complete victory during the day, and the style in which Mr. Stirling carried off that event for the light blue, stamps him as about the best hurdle racer of the present day. In the high jump, Messrs. Bergman and Gurney tied at 5 ft. 4½ in. for Oxford and Cambridge respectively. The mile race, which concluded the day's sports, was about the best race ever seen; and the judgment with which Mr. Benson, of Balliol College, Oxford, ran it, and gained a victory over his fellow-collegian, Mr. Christie, is beyond all criticism. The time, 4 min. 33 sec., is the quickest that has yet been run on the Lillie Bridge grounds.

The Amateur Championship will take place this afternoon, at Lillie Bridge, and although the entries have not yet been published, we understand that nearly all the University cracks will enter the lists against the country, London, and Dublin representatives. In offering a few selections for the principal races, we do so almost in the dark, for want of the entries; but the 100 yards, we presume, will fall to Mr. Baker or Mr. Wilson, but the latter is not a likely starter. The half-mile, Mr. Somers-Smith will again secure; and the quarter-mile will be fought out by Mr. Somers-Smith and Mr. Colbeck, who will have all his work to do to beat the Oxonian. The mile is Mr. Benson's, if he chooses; and for the four miles, Mr. Riches will be the best of the London men, but whether he can beat the Liverpool man, Mr. Snow, or Mr. Hawtrey, remains to be seen. With regard to the other events we can say nothing—knowing nothing.

HURLINGHAM CLUB.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Frank Heathcote, who has so long and so successfully presided over our H. & T. traps, has, on Monday last, at an extraordinary meeting convened for that purpose, resigned his post as manager of Hurlingham Club—a club formed by himself, and which, by his untiring efforts, he has made one of the most successful of the day. He will retire, we know, with the regrets and good wishes of all. Independent of the charm of getting all real sportsmen together, he has conferred a great boon on the softer sex. There is no place out of London that has afforded them so much real pleasure as Hurlingham. Within twenty minutes' drive from Belgravia you are out of town among the nightingales; and not one who went last year but will want to go this. Who will be got to fill his place we don't know; but we can fairly say they will have much trouble to find one so fair and true as Mr. Frank Heathcote has been, and we wish him all happiness in his retirement.

The policeman's helmet is to suffer a modification in its form, the chief object of which will be to get rid of the projecting comb. Mr. Bruce says that the new hat will be "not less serviceable nor more unsightly" than that at present in use. According to the *Times*, the Home Secretary said that the new hat was to be "much less serviceable," but consideration of the possibilities of the case disposes us to look on this as an error. Meanwhile, if the best that can be said of the new hat is that it will not be more useless and ugly than the present, the case for alteration is scarcely made out; and we may remark that merely to take away the projecting comb from the helmet in use would be to make the policeman's head look very like a cocoa-nut.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The following table shows the results of this great aquatic contest since 1829:—

Year.	Winner.	Time.	Won.
1829	Oxford	34 min. 30 sec.	Easily.
1836	Cambridge.....	35 ,, 0 ,,	1 min.
1839	Cambridge.....	31 ,, 0 ,,	1 min. 45 sec.
1840	Cambridge	29 ,, 30 ,,	⅗rds length.
1841	Cambridge.....	32 ,, 30 ,,	1 min. 4 sec.
1842	Oxford	30 ,, 45 ,,	13 sec.
1845	Cambridge.....	23 ,, 30 ,,	30 sec.
1849	Cambridge.....	21 ,, 5 ,,	2 lengths.
1849	Cambridge.....	22 ,, 0 ,,	Easily.
1850	Oxford	.....	Foul.
1852	Oxford	21 ,, 30 ,,	27 sec.
1854	Oxford	25 ,, 29 ,,	11 strokes.
1855	Cambridge.....	25 ,, 50 ,,	½ length.
1857	Oxford	22 ,, 35 ,,	35 sec.
1858	Cambridge.....	21 ,, 23 ,,	22 sec.
1859	Oxford	24 ,, 40 ,,	Cam. sank.
1860	Cambridge.....	26 ,, 5 ,,	1 length.
1861	Oxford	23 ,, 30 ,,	48 sec.
1862	Oxford	24 ,, 41 ,,	30 sec.
1863	Oxford	23 ,, 6 ,,	43 sec.
1864	Oxford	21 ,, 40 ,,	26 sec.
1865	Oxford	21 ,, 24 ,,	4 lengths.
1866	Oxford	25 ,, 35 ,,	15 sec.
1867	Oxford	22 ,, 40 ,,	½ length.
1868	Oxford	20 ,, 56 ,,	6 lengths.
1869	Oxford	20 ,, 5 ,,	3 lengths.
1870	Cambridge.....	22 ,, 4 ,,	1¾ length.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

CURIOUS NONCOINCIDENCE.

The First of April passed away,
And disappointed many a hope;
The Council didn't on that day
Infallible define the Pope.

Delights of the Chase.—Hunting Man (who has mounted his friend, M'Gilpen, from London).—"Keep her head straight. She's as likely as not to refuse this, if—" [M'Gilpen, from the depths of his soul (not a gate to be seen) hopes she will!]

A BENEVOLENT THOUGHT.

Mrs. Malaprop, understanding that women can act as Commissioners of Sewers, says she knows a great many poor seamstresses who would be very glad if ladies could give them better wages than they are now earning.

THE MOTLEY AND THE ERMINE.

If judicial proceedings in England were as commonly characterised by impertinences, altercations, violations of the rules of evidence by counsel, and expressions of partiality or passion on the part of the judge, as they are in France, how very often we should be guilty of contempt of court!

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.)

Scene:—A Mathematical Instrument Maker's Shop.

Spriggins (a lawyer's clerk, and would-be wit).—"I believe you sell rules of every description?"

Proprietor (blandly).—"Yes, sir; what kind of rule do you require?"

Spriggins (grinning).—"Well, I think I'll take a rule *nisi*."

We know not whether he obtained the rule, but we saw him rush from the shop with a *nice eye*, that confined him to his lodgings for a fortnight.

The Poetry of Motion.—"A life on the ocean wave."

Bad Language.—An ungrammatical expression.

Why is a drunken tailor like a publican?—Because he's a beery tailor (beer retailer!).

Notice.—The reward offered for the earthenware dealer who was missing is withdrawn; that gentleman having been found "in his cups."

The Girls of the *Period*, according to our friend Smith, are the young lady compositors at the Victoria Press! It is time that all such jokes were put a *full-stop* to.

Why is a Bath bun to a very hungry man like a child's corset?—Because it's a "little stay!"

What is the difference between an attenuated spinster who takes shelter from the rain between an archway, and a trival error?—One is a slight miss, standing under; the other, a slight miss-under-standing!

"The weigh of the world."—Short weight!

Motto for clerks at fashionable churches.—Two weds are better than one.

Was the Rule of Three *Inverse* written by a poet?

(From *Fun*.)

By Telegraph.—We see it reported that Mr. F. I. Scudamore, of the Post Office, is to have a knighthood. Few men deserve the honour more—and he deserves more than the honour in question. But we cannot but think the time for conferring it is ill-chosen, considering the break-down of the Post Office Telegraphs. Ill-natured people will say that Sir F. I. Scudamore was made a knight because he could not keep pace with the requirements of the day.

From the Ring.—If a gentleman leases out his shooting why does he resemble a prize-fighter following up a left-hander?—Because he lets out his right.

Suspending his Judgment.—Brown, speaking of Robinson to Jones the other day, said, "His virtues may be summed up in a single line." "Certainly," replied Jones, "if there is a noose at the free end."

Down Again! Even Money Taken.—A very condescending announcement on the part of our baker. *Even* money taken! Diamonds, plate, and jewellery taken in exchange—we expect to see next. What a consolation for the penniless poor! but perhaps, after all, it is only a curious form of moneymania.

Ought to be Re-named.—We learn from a contemporary that an inhabitant of Grave, in Holland, has recently registered the birth of his 32nd child. So prolific a locality should be christened Cradle rather than Grave.

The Evidence of the Senses.—We should like to have it explained to us how it is that a positive colour can be produced from two negatives. You don't believe it? Why, when once a thing is done in black and white, it becomes read.

(From *Judy*.)

VERY UNREASONABLE

Wild Irish Girl.—An' it's the bit of a shinday an' the broken plates ye object to! An' ye niver was young yourself, maybe, an' romped wi' the booys!—Good gracious me! I should think not! said Miss McSpivins.

Why is a carpenter like a barber?—Because he can't get along without *shavings*.

In Season.—A boy asked his father what the apple-trees would bear next season; the parent replied—Boys!

From a Young Lady.—Why are pa's tailors like vegetables?—Because they are *parsnips*.

Precisely.—When is a man not a man?—When he's a-bed.

Is it fact that a statue diminishes in size when exposed to a shower of rain?—Yes, it instantly becomes a statue-wet

In these days of patent self-acting contrivances, what sort of dress may we expect shortly to see "getting itself up?"—Why, a lawn-dress, to be sure.

Who commands the insurgents in Ireland?—Lieu-Tenant Right. And the Queen's troops?—Kept-in Hand.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

A Tea Trait.

Female Flirt.—"May I make you a cup, captain"

Male Flirt.—"Certainly; if you will only raise me to your lips."

Giving Him quite a Turn.

Undertaker.—"Look here, Mr. Brisket, I've been payin' you a good deal o' money all these years—when are you going to give *me* a turn?"

It is.—Last month is no longer a "*Quick* March," but a "*Dead* March!"

The First Coercion Bill.—William the Conqueror.

He Might.—As the distinguished Oxford stroke, Mr. Darbishire, has taken to the study of medicine, of which anatomy is a most important branch, he might fairly take for his motto, "Oars and *Skulls!*"

It Is.—*Palm* Sunday is "close *handy!*"

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW

OF THE

DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—THIS EVENING, will be performed, Beethoven's Opera, FIDELIO.
Florestano, Dr. Gunz; Pizarro, M. Petit; Rocco, Signor Capponi; Il Ministro, Signor Caravoglia; Jacquino, Signor Marino; Marcellino, Mdlle. Madigan; and Fidelio, Mdlle. Titiens.
Conductor, Signor Bevignani.
Extra Night.—On Monday next, April 11, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LES HUGUENOTS. Principal characters by Herr Wachtel, M. Petit, Signor Bagagiolo, Signor Cotogni, Mdlle. Scalchi, Madame Vanzini, and Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.
On Tuesday next, April 12, Donizetti's Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA.
Extra Night.—On Thursday next, April 14, Donizetti's Opera, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.
On Saturday next, April 16, Mozart's Opera, IL FLAUTO MAGICO.
Doors open at Eight o'clock, the Opera commences at Half-past. The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET. THIS EVENING (Saturday) the popular comedy of NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES will be produced, for the 96th time, with the original cast, viz.: Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Buckstone, jun., Mr. Braid, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, Miss C. Hill. Preceded by A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT, and concluding with NO SONG NO SUPPER, with all the original music. A New Rustic Comedy, by H. T. Craven, Esq., will be produced on Monday, April 25, in which Mr. Sothern will appear. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Great Novelty and Attraction.—16th Night of a new and original Domestic Drama in Four Acts, by Henry J. Byron, Esq., with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Principal characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING, at 7.0, MY PRECIOUS BETSY: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, C. J. Smith, and Miss Eliza Johnstone. After which (16th time), THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Mr. Benjamin Webster; Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, J. G. Taylor, R. Phillips, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lavis, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson; Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Lennox Grey. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER'S BENEFIT and LAST NIGHT of the WINTER SEASON, SATURDAY, April 23. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX, by Henry J. Byron. A great success. Commences at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX. Places can be booked a fortnight in advance, without fees. Commencing at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle-street, Strand.—Miss Fanny Josephs, Lessee and Manager.—At 6.45, PHILOMEL. Messrs. J. Clarke, H. Neville, Parselle, Barker, and Edgar; Mesdames Ernstone, Stephens, and Amy Fawsitt.

GLOBE.—At 8.45, THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

GLOBE.—ORIGINAL CAST.

GLOBE.—H. Neville, J. Clarke, Horace Wigan, Parselle, Edgar, Soutar, and Miss E. Farren (by kind permission of J. Hollingshead, Esq.), Mesdames Ernstone, Stephens, and Hughes, in THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) 100th and last night (for the present) of UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. At 7, YOUNG HOPEFUL. Miss E. Farren. 7.45, H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING (100th night). Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton, &c. 9.30 (by general desire at this time), the popular Comic Musical Drama, THE FIRST NIGHT, supported by Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. J. Robins, Mr. Maclean, and chorus. At 11.50, BALLET. Miss Henri, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Brian, and Corps. Carriages at 11.

GAIETY.—Notice.—Miss NEILSON'S BENEFIT, on MONDAY NEXT, April 11. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. John Clayton, and Miss H. Hodson (by permission of E. J. Young, Esq.), and Miss Neilson in THE HUNCHBACK. Mr. John Clarke (by permission of Miss Fanny Josephs) in THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS; and Mr. G. Belmore and Mr. G. Honey (by permission of B. Webster and H. J. Montague, Esqs.) in BOX AND COX. Prices as usual. Seats can be taken at once at the Theatre and Libraries.

GAIETY.—NO FEES.—Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Miss EMILY THORNE as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—114th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—149th Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston. Stage Directress, Mrs. W. H. Liston (Miss M. Simpson).—LITTLE EMILY, at seven. By Andrew Halliday. Excellently acted, with great effects. The Ark on the Sands—The Canterbury Cathedral—The Wreck. Mr. G. F. Rowe.—EVERY EVENING.

OLYMPIC.—TENNYSON'S POEM at half-past nine. Musically illustrated. Magnificent dresses and appointments. New scenery, properties, &c. "Received nightly with roars of laughter."

OLYMPIC.—LAST NIGHTS of LITTLE EM'LY and THE PRINCESS. THIS EVENING (for the 4th time), a new and original Farce, entitled THE VARSITY BOAT RACE.

FROU-FROU on EASTER MONDAY. The great French play, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, powerfully cast, new dresses, new scenery. OLYMPIC THEATRE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—LAST NIGHT. Triumphant success of CHILPERIC, the great Opera Bouffe, in English. Supported by Messrs. Marius (Folies Dramatiques), Aynsley Cook, H. Rowland, Vincent, Odell, and Mons. Hervé.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CHILPERIC at 8.15. The great Umbrella Chorus. Hervé's Song of the Butterfly and Duet with Miss Muir encored nightly.—Last Night.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — The brilliant DANCE of CONFUSION and finale to the Second Act raises the nightly crowded audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm unprecedented in theatrical annals. - Last Night.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Places can be secured in advance; and the Management beg to inform the public that the performances conclude in time for the late trains.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—In active preparation, and will be produced on EASTER MONDAY, the marvellously successful Opera Bouffe, LITTLE FAUST, by Hervé, which ran 300 Nights in Paris.

ROYALTY.—Last Eighteen Nights of Miss M. Oliver's Lessership and Management of this Theatre.—The SEASON will positively TERMINATE SATURDAY, April 30. Eighteen Farewell Performances of BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

PRETTY SUSAN, DON'T SAY NO, 1,893rd time. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IS HIS NAME, 940th time. The song of the Tittlebat and Swimming Chorus, EVERY EVENING. Messrs Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Parkes, Oliver.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN, Burnand's Great Burlesque, 466th night.—Captain Crosstree, Mr. Dewar; Dame Hatley, Mr. Danvers; Shaun, Miss Saunders; William, Miss Caroline Parkes; Black-eyed Susan, Miss M. Oliver.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ASTLEY'S.—GRAND DUCHESS.—Last Night of the COVENT GARDEN OPERA COMPANY.—This Evening (Saturday), the Last Night, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, in which Madame Fanny Huddart will appear. To conclude with THE GRAND DUCHESS, being for the Benefit of Mr. J. Russell. Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Marie Cruise, Mdlle. Esta; Messrs. Beverley, E. Rosenthal, Fred, Harry, and W. H. Payne, W. Norton, and J. D. Stoyle. The celebrated Finale to Act Second danced by Mdlle. Esta, and Messrs. Fred, Harry, and W. H. Payne. Conductor, Mr. W. Reed. Commence at 7.45. Pit, One Shilling.

ASTLEY'S.—NOTICE to LADIES.—In consequence of the overflow and inconvenience experienced by ladies obtaining their bonnets after the performance, in future LADIES WEARING DRESS BONNETS will be ADMITTED to the DRESS CIRCLE.

QUEEN'S—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Messrs. Rousby, Ryder, H. Marston, W. Belford, G. Rignold, A. Nelson, Mesdames Georgina Pauncefort, M. Henderson, H. Vandenhoff, and Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

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